

# Leo Sayer, Telepath

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I'm leaving the smog below me now  
I'm leaving my troubles on the ground  
I'm watching those smokestacks just blaze away  
The sky will be blue never grey

The future is filled with wasted time  
I can't see the road -- I'm going blind  
I'm laughing at all of my future plans  
Shining like gold in my hands

Isn't it funny how you reach me  
You know exactly what I'm thinking  
You're always helping me from sinking  
It's your way

Hello, this is london calling -- is my flight due  
Hello, is there someday I can reach you  
Isn't it funny how you call me  
You call me up while I am sleeping  
You're always helping me from sinking -- it's your way

Now this is the end of all my dreams  
The drumming has stopped behind my ears  
There's no looking back now -- I'm too far away  
I'm shaking like mad in a daze. . .

Then out of the night you join me here  
The people around me, they disappear  
And I hear your voice, and you speak to my eyes  
And everything comes alive